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The Fruits of Faith

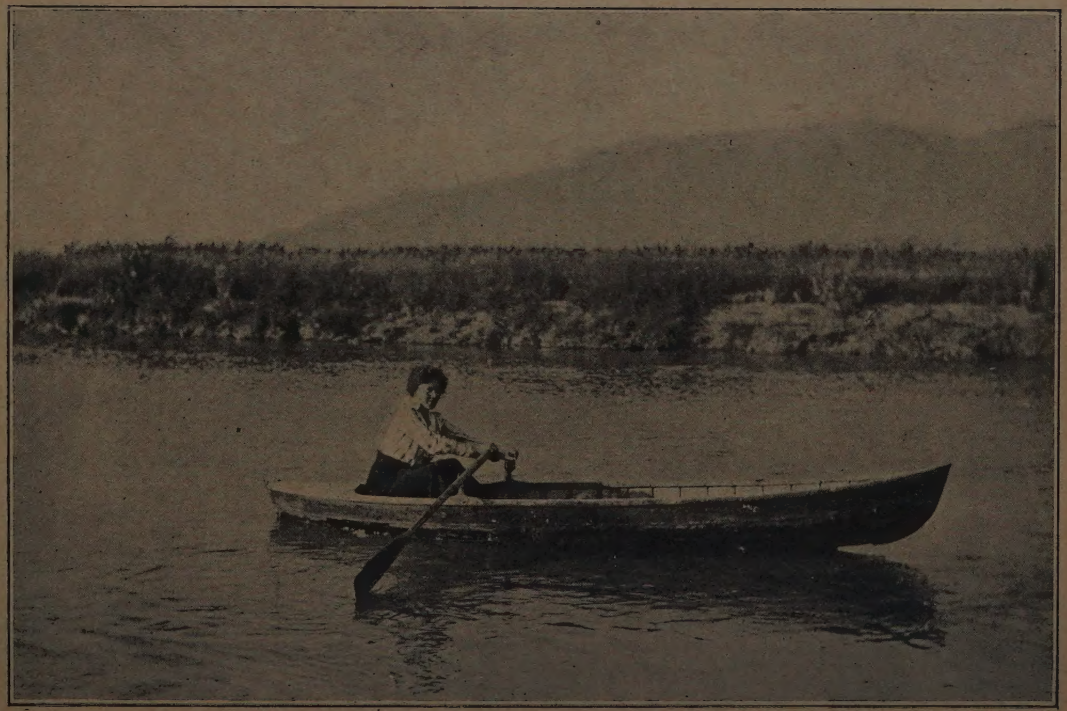
By Alfred Osmond, Head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

If from a tree I pluck delicious fruit,
Shall I not say the tree itself is good?
And cultivate with care each tender shoot
That it may grow in strength and hardihood.
Shall I not say, when I have understood:
This tree is precious in the sight of God,
"This Foster Nurse of flesh and bone and blood
That rises from the rich and fertile sod
Becomes the saving grace of this perceiving clod?"

A tree that bears the luscious fruits of joy
Is growing in the garden of my mind.
God planted it when I was but a boy,
When I was dumb and almost deaf and blind.
Although I have not always been inclined
To nourish it with good and gracious deeds,
In later years, it has become enshrined
In springs of thought that lie too deep for tears,
To gladden all my hopes and chasten all my fears.

It lifts its branches to the starry sky,
And sheds its fragrance on the desert air,
Assuring me that I shall never die
And making life seem beautiful and fair.
When I was bruised and bleeding in despair,
Its virtue set my captive spirit free,
And nursed me with a mother's tender care
Until my tearless eyes could clearly see
My fondest hopes in life were blossoms of the tree.

I ate the fruit. My head began to whirl
With dizziness I could not understand.
The taste was sweet, but fairy flags unfurled
And angels took me gently by the hand
And led—not led—a bright celestial band
Of heavenly beings bore my soul away
To that delightful, far-off Promised Land
Where flesh and bones of men do not decay,
And sin can never come to lead the soul astray.



THE

Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XI NOVEMBER, 1924 No. 11

Blessings in Disguise

By Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve

Our greatest blessings often come in disguise. The experiences that gratify selfish longings are not the ones that do us the largest good. Those that involve privation and sacrifice are the most beneficial. Growth and progress depend more upon hard than upon soft conditions, and the tribulations suffered in this "vale of tears" are among the most effective agencies employed by Providence for our education and advancement. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," for when rightly used it becomes the parent of wisdom, and such precious qualities as patienec, faith, fortitude and humility spring from it as naturally as flowers from fertile soil. Tragedy, not comedy, is the great educator; pain, not pleasure, the leading part in the drama of human development.

"'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities."

Sickness is generally regarded as a calamity, and yet it may have its advantages. Frequently it is a means of recuperation, giving to the overworked mind and body opportunity for needed rest. It rejuvenates one mentally and physically. President Heber C. Kimball once said to President Joseph Young, who had just recovered from a protracted illness and was out among his friends once more: "Brother Joseph, you would have been dead by now, if it had not been for that sick spell." Sickness and sorrow are good eye-openers, too. They add to our store of knowledge. They show us who our friends are.

"It is not when riches and splendor surround us,
That friendship and friends can be put to the test;
'Tis but when affliction's cold presence hath bound us,
We find which the hearts are that love us the best.
For friends will fawn
At fortune's dawn,
When the breeze and the tide bear us steadily on;
But when sorrow o'ertakes us,
Each false one forsakes us,
And leaves us to sink and to struggle alone."

Who has read but to admire Emerson's great essay on "Compensation?" A few paragraphs from that masterpiece of profound thought and eloquent expression are here presented:

"The changes that break up at short intervals the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, * * * as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. * * * Then there can be enlargement, and the man of today scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday."

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. * * * We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. * * * We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward forevermore!'

"And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

In another part of that splendid essay the following sentences are to be found:

"Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. * * * Blame is safer than praise."

Particularly appealing to me is the thought that the power to feed and shelter the unfortunate is itself an outgrowth of misfortune; the misfortune bringing forth the power. A near at

hand illustration is furnished in the experience and example of such men as President Joseph F. Smith and President Heber J. Grant. Had they been pampered in the lap of luxury, the course of their lives might have been far different. But they were left fatherless in their childhood, each in the care of a widowed mother, and had to struggle for the success they achieved, the most glorious part of which, to my thinking, is the power they developed to encourage and assist others.

Adversity and affliction, when patiently borne, purify the heart, broaden the mind, and make the soul more tender and charitable. Without a sense of suffering, there could be no such thing as philanthropy, no such thing as charity.

What would the world do without men and women who have suffered? To whom do we go, in times of trouble, for advice and consolation? Is it to those who know nothing of hardship, whose souls have been dwarfed by self-indulgence, whose shallow lives are one continual round of pleasure and dissipation? No, we would as soon think of seeking shelter under a willow or a sagebrush, in the midst of a raging storm. But here is a giant oak, whose roots have struck deep and deeper into the soil, and whose branches have spread wide and wider, because of the tempests that have swayed them and swept through them, breaking off dead limbs, perchance, but imparting new vigor, new strength to the live ones. There we find shelter and protection. Even so, amid calamity's storm and stress, we apply to men and women who have "come up through great tribulation," who are able, out of the wealth of their experience, to minister for our uplift and welfare. To them we go for counsel, for comfort, for the help which they, under God, are alone qualified to give. They are his instruments for that purpose.

Thank the Lord for tribulations, for losses and disappointments, for blighted hopes and thwarted ambitions, for sorrow, sickness, and even death when timely! They are blessings in disguise, and will reveal themselves as such, if we will but wait long enough to see unfold the purpose of the All-Wise in permitting them. For they could not come without his permision. Satan could not afflict Job until the Almighty said, Thou mayest. We are not in Satan's hands. The devils are subject to the Lord's will, and contribute in spite of themselves to the carrying out of his benevolent designs.

There is a great and wise purpose in all that we are called upon to endure. Man came upon earth to suffer as well as to enjoy, to learn, by experience of contrasts, the lessons that cannot to be learned otherwise or elsewhere. We taste the bitter, that we may know the sweet; we have sorrow, that we may find joy—the fulness of joy, which is synonymous with celestial glory.

It is by opposition that we progress, and by contrasts that we become wise. Wisdom grows upon the tree of Experience, planted in the soil of human suffering.

And we knew all this before we came here, knew it "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" not over the prospect of suffering, but over the glorious outcome, the predestined fruit of that suffering. We knew it would be a blessing, a wonderful blessing, though it might come in deep disguise.

Joseph Smith, long before Ralph Waldo Emerson (if I read history aright), taught the great doctrine of Compensation. The Prophet was lying in a dungeon, in the mob-ridden state of Missouri. His people had been despoiled and driven, and he, with a few faithful friends, had been thrown into prison, where he spent the dreary winter of 1838-9. In the agony of his soul he called upon God for deliverance, and was answered in these precious words:

"My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine affliction shall be but a small moment.

"And then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on High; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes."

"If thou art called to pass through tribulations; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art in perils among robbers: if thou art in perils by land or by sea;

"If thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters; and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife, and of thine offspring * * * and thou be dragged to prison, and thine enemies prowl around thee like wolves for the blood of the lamb;

"And if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon thee; if thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good.

"The Son of Man hath descended below them all. Art thou greater than he?"

Yes, Jesus himself descended below all, that he might experience and comprehend all. And in so doing he but followed in the footsteps of his heavenly Father. For did he not say: "The Son doeth nothing but what he hath seen the Father do?" Then, says the Prophet Joseph, commenting upon these marvelous

words, the Son of God must have seen, at some time, the very Eternal Father passing through mortal scenes and sorrows like unto those that were trying the world's Redeemer.

What a glorious thought, what a comforting reflection, that we worship a Being of that kind, and that he is also our Father, one who knows our needs, who has suffered what we suffer, who is touched with a sense of our infirmities, and can feel for and sympathize with us, having passed through and under it all.

Calamity carries with it compensation. The fall of Adam and Eve was a calamity; but it produced the human race, gave to God's children their earth-life, these mortal and yet-to-be immortal bodies, as a means of endless increase and progression.

The crucifixion of Christ was a calamity, a terrible calamity, humanly speaking; but it redeemed man from the grave, from the grasp of eternal death, and set his feet upon the highway to perfection. Who can say, in the light of Gospel truth and teaching, that these were not blessings in disguise;

In a world by Faith created,
And designed for faith promotion—
Faith, that reacheth after knowledge
As a flower that seeks the sunlight;
Knowledge, fatal to all progress
If on man poured prematurely;
How can doubt lead up to knowing,
When its every trend is downward?

If doubt be the path to wisdom
Then doth wisdom lurk beneath us,
And is not upon the summits,
Beckoning hope to high achievement.

* * * *

Doubt was ne'er the cause of doing;
Brake, not wheel, its proper symbol.
Faith alone impels to research,
E'en as searching leads to finding;
Faith the primal inspiration,
Spur and mainspring of endeavor.

—*Orson F. Whitney from Love and the Light.*

Thanksgiving Day

By Samantha T. B. Foley

Let the mountains sing with gladness,
And hills the sound prolong;
Awake, ye wilds, with freshness,
And tune your throats with song;
Let the waters gush with sweetness
From the parched and desert sod,
To celebrate the kindness
Of the great eternal God.

Let space resound with voices,
While angels join the theme
Echoed by mortal praises
And thanks to God, our King.
Let the worlds increase their beauty
To magnify his grace;
Let mankind trust him fully
As Author of our race.

Let the ocean roll in glory,
Add mirror worlds afar,
To tell creation's story
Of every shining star.
God's poem is the heavens,
And space shall sing his song
While cradling new creations
As the ages roll along.

Let the rainbow, with its colors,
Weave garlands everywhere,
Fill space with flowering glories,
Make paths for angels there.
Let the lightning cease its flashing,
Grow tame without the rod,
And tune her tongues to chanting
Eternal praise to God.

Let the earth become as Eden
Whence man communed with God
And walked with him at even
Upon this earthly sod;
May his returning glorify
And blaze the earth with light,
Until her splendor shall outvie
The orbs of day or night.

Investing in Love

Annie D. Palmer

Just a week till Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Sumner Lance sat resting her head in her hands, thinking, wondering, Thanksgiving day would be the ninth anniversary of their wedding. For nine years she had prepared his meals for Sumner, kept the house in order, and rested and dreamed. For nine years her husband had worked and saved to make the home comfortable. The furniture was good, even luxurious. There were pictures and books and music—everything that had entered into her girlhood dreams, and more than she had known how to dream. Sumner was kind and affectionate. They went to parties, to theatres, to balls. She had few cares and no worries.

But Mrs. Lance was not happy. It may be that her head ached from the revelry of the night before. Perhaps she had caught the gloom that showed on the face of her husband. Or, perchance, her guardian angel whispered censure for her almost useless life.

How her mind wandered, catching first at this fancy and then at that! Would Summer want her to give less time to society? She might do volunteer work in the Charity Organization; but she hated to go into the haunts of poverty and vice. She could give her services to the church; but it seemed so dull and uninteresting. Some women had pets, a bird, a poodle; she wanted no cares of this sort, either. Those dainty little bonbon baskets Margie Simms was making! How she had wished to get hold of them, to get them ready for the popcorn and candy, to fill them and hang them on a Christmas tree! She laughed aloud at the thought of a Christmas tree for two grown up people, for her and Sumner. No, they couldn't have a Christmas tree. They couldn't have anything very nice, just she and Sumner. But she could borrow some "kiddies" for the occasion. What fun to string popcorn some evening when Sumner was at home! How jolly to go out and gather bright rose berries and thread long necklaces for little guests to wear! How interesting to watch the wide open eyes while she would tell to children the old, old, story beginning, "Once upon a time!" She flattered herself she could tell child stories exceptionally well.

From Christmas her thought wandered on into the years, and then back again, back again to now, the week before Thanksgiving and her wedding anniversary. Why not feature children on Thanksgiving day? Why not make her anniversary present to Sumner a ———?

If she had only thought of it a month ago when Dr. Joslyn asked her to adopt a baby? She remembered now that Sumner had seemed a bit disappointed at the time. This baby's father

had been killed in a terrible train disaster, and the poor little mother, whose first born was scarcely a year old, was too frail to undertake the responsibility of providing and caring for the one soon to be born.

The more Marcel thought about it, the more sure she felt that in no other way could she please her husband so much.

"I'll do it," she said to herself decisively, "that is, if I can still get the baby."

She went to the telephone and called Dr. Joslyn.

"This is Mrs. Lance, doctor," she said when he answered, "Mrs. Sumner Lance, yes; do you know how my husband felt about my refusing to take the baby you spoke about? Disappointed. I thought so, well, I suppose I'm too late now; but I just dared to hope you haven't promised it to some one else. Do you really think I could take this baby and—and live? You know I'm not very strong, and may I have it? Oh, thank you, doctor. You see it is to please my husband. You'll keep my secret, of course. I want to surprise Sumner. Our ninth wedding anniversary is Thanksgiving day. I hope—well, of course, you can't say when, exactly, I'll send a basket with some soft flannels, this evening. Now remember, doctor, not a word of this to anyone. Goodby."

Five minutes later the excited little woman was in animated conversation with her mother; for the path down through the raspberry patch was short, and Marcel Lance wanted an ally.

"You see, Marmee dear, all our wedding anniversaries are painful to Chum, because there are no little folks in the house. His brother Neal who was married on the same day that we were, brought his first born to see us on the day we had been married a year. I imagined even then that I saw a look of sadness on the face of Chum. Of course, he has never admitted it to me; but I just feel that every time there is a new baby at Neal's, our home seems a little more lonely than before."

"And Neal has four?"

"Yes, three boys and a girl. Fine youngsters, too, how does Molly ever manage with them all?"

"A mother gets used to it, dear."

"Do you think I can learn to manage, mother? I do so want to succeed if I take this big responsibility—to make it really worth while."

"Have you considered the sacrifice?"

"Yes, Marmee dear, when I take this baby, I shall say goodby to everything I love, society, nice dresses, tidy rooms, afternoon naps, everything except Chummy and you."

"Why, my dear—"

"I know very well, Marmee, that some women do go out and have good times and still raise babies, but I can hardly get my work done as it is. Besides, I shall have nothing to wear. Chum

gave me forty dollars last night to buy a dress for our wedding party. It will take every cent of that for a layette. And then there's feeding bottles, castoria, catnip and pacifiers. I must put new sleeves in my old green taffeta this afternoon."

"Don't you think you overestimate things a little?"

"Not a bit, mother dear. I have figured it all out, the expense, the care, the worry, the responsibility. You know, I don't believe in going into things blindly. When you have figured the whole cost and decided that a purchase is worthy the price, you try harder to be satisfied with your bargain. Mr. Bing has been trying to pursuade me to save part of my pin money and invest in life insurance that will mature in twenty years, and give me a thousand dollars. I propose to invest all my pin money and a good deal besides, in the care of a human soul, and take chances on what it will bring me in twenty years. If it should come to me in the way it came to the mother of young Harold King, ten times a thousand dollars could not measure my excessive joy. I sat where I could see the face of Mrs. King when her son delivered his wonderful lecture, 'Looking to Manhood,' before the big audience in Hapworth hall. She fairly beamed with joy and satisfaction. I tried to imagine that Harold was my boy, and into my soul there came a happiness that I had never even dreamed before, that I can never hope to dream again unless my child shall grow up to do me honor. You must have felt it, mother, when Earl took his degree at college, and when you heard his plea in court for poor old widow Mansfield."

"Yes, dear, yes. And I feel it just the same when your big strong brother John stops in on his way from the farm and tells me how his crops are growing; and I feel it when you make a good resolution and stand by it. It isn't just the child that occupies the grand stand, that quickens the beating of a mother's heart. The silent approval of the conscience means more to her than the applause of the multitude."

"Marmee dear, I want Chum to feel that joy! It isn't right that he should be cheated out of it, when there are so many opportunities to take a child into our home. Of course, I don't know how I shall ever stand the strain, but—"

"If you think the task so great, dear, perhaps you ought not to try. God has not sent children to you."

"God has sent me the opportunity to take one of his little ones to my home. He has blessed me with a good husband and with many comforts, and I mean to try to do my part in the biggest work that was ever given to woman to do. Will you take care of the little one when it comes, until a week from today and keep my secret?"

"To be sure, but—"

"Then it is settled, and I must go to my work."

The week that began with this important decision was per-

haps he busiest week Marcel Lance had ever known. Having made up her mind as to the nature of the anniversary celebration, and taken council with Sumner about it, she was determined to make it a brilliant affair. She was equally determined that all social obligations be wiped out with this party so that henceforth and forever she could devote herself to home, husband and baby.

In order to make room for the many guests, she cleared the bedrooms and furnished them with borrowed chairs. She swept and dusted and polished until there was no spot nor blemishing about her home, from where the front gate swung open to the far end of the cement porch in the rear. She put new sleeves, collar, and belt on the green taffeta dress, and when she told herself it looked very well, indeed, and since the color was so becoming she could wear it this once with perfect dignity.

And now Thanksgiving was only two days off; and in the two days she must bake and roast and stew, and make a few more of the good luck baskets, and get everything done that would stand doing before the very last day. She had purposely helped Chummy to plan a business trip that would keep him away until the morning of the last day, because she feared he might happen to run in at mother's and see the surprise she hoped to have there for him, or ask some question of the seamstress who was there making the layette.

In the middle of the forenoon the telephone rang. At the very same moment Marcel sniffed burning cake. She answered the telephone.

"Dr. Joslyn," a hurried voice announced, "We have a boy and—"

"All right, doctor, bring it right up to mother's, a boy did you say?"

"Yes, a boy and—"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Goodbye" And Mrs. Lance hastened to her burning nut cake.

She had barely time to take care of her cake and meet the doctor when his car stopped at her mother's gate.

"I am so glad you are on time, doctor," she said excitedly, following him into the house. "Sumner and I always give each other something, some little gift, you know, on our wedding anniversary. And it's a boy!"

"Yes, it's a boy *and*—" Dr. Joslyn emphasized the *and* this time because he had said it before.

"That will please Sumner, I know," interrupted Mrs. Lance. "Set the basket down and let me see the darling."

Dr. Joslyn set the basket down and lifted the blanket that covered it.

"For goodness sake, doctor, twins!"

Marcel Lance sank down in the nearest chair, and for a time no one could say whether she were laughing or crying.

"Oh you little darlings!" said her mother bending over them in rapt admiration.

"Of course, Mrs. Lance," the doctor explained, "you are not obliged to keep them both. It would be perfectly lovely for them if they could stay together but if—"

"The boy is the stronger, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Lance coming to look again.

"Yes, the girl is frail," answered the doctor.

"But a blonde. See her open her round, blue eyes! They are blue, aren't they? Poor little girlie! Mother, which one do you think I ought to take?"

"Well, now, I can't say. It's a question the good kind Father doesn't give most mothers to decide," the mother answered.

"It's to be Sumner's gift," Mrs. Lance said meditatively, "and Sumner would want the boy; just look at the pitiful pucker on sister's mouth. Who is to take her, doctor, in case—"

"In case they are to be separated, one goes to Susan Tuft."

"That cross old cat? No wonder the little thing is about to cry. To be taken away from a perfectly lovely brother and go to Susan Tuft! It can't be done, doctor, it can't be done! It will kill me I know to have them both, but I might as well die a martyr. Mother will you take care of the twins till Thursday night?"

"I certainly will, and I'll help a good deal after that, there, there, little dears, grandmother will fix a bottle!"

While her mother was crooning to the babies, Mrs. Lance took a few careful instructions from the doctor and he left.

The door had barely closed behind Dr. Joslyn, when Sumner's boy set up a lusty howl; and immediately the other twin joined in with a pitiful wail. The attention of both women was demanded at once. As Marcel held in her arms the tiny mite of a girl, and cuddled it and warmed its feet before the fire, and put the velvety little face against hers, there was awakened in her heart all the strength of the mother love that had slept. For what woman can feel the clinging touch of baby fingers and not be thrilled with the mother instinct? What woman can sense the baby head rolling on her arm as it gropes for nourishment and not wish that she might clasp it to her bosom?

"Marmee dear," she said when they had made the babies comfortable and quiet, "I just know I shall love this little darling. I wonder what Chummy will say?"

In the hospital ward a few minutes later, Dr. Joslyn gazed upon the peaceful countenance of the frail mother. Her hands had been folded across her bosom. Her eyes were closed in death, and unseen by mortal eyes her guardian angel conducted her spirit to where two motherly women tenderly ministered to her babies. She reached forth her hands in benediction, and a spirit prayer ascended to God for his blessings and guidance for the motherly women.

Sumner Lance had been away from home for four days. As he sat apart in the big hotel lobby that evening, it suddenly occurred to him that Thursday was Thanksgiving Day and his wedding anniversary. He had hoped that he might finish his business and go home on Wednesday morning; but one of the men he must see was out of town. Luckily, Marcel did not expect him till Thursday, anyway. Dear Marcel! She had looked so tired and careworn when he left. Life was so lonely for her with business kepeing him so much away. If only they had been given a child! That would have made life so different for Marcel. As for him, it mattered little. To be sure he had wanted a son very much, but a man gets used to disappointments.

He took up a paper and tried to read. Was he homesick? He kept thinking of Marcel and the loneliness of her life. Why not go to the Orphan's Home and see what kind of "kiddies" they have there? Of course he could not take a child home without consulting his wife, but he could see if they looked bright and well. What would it cost to keep a little girl? Could he afford the price? He began to cast up accounts—milk, medicine doctor's care, schooling, clothes, sleepless nights, days of toil, endless worry—he counted them all just as his wife had done, and just as she had done he decided that he could sacrifice all his pleasure for what would give the greatest measure of joy to the one he loved most. He would go and see the little girls at the Orphan's Home. It was yet early so he went out and boarded a street car.

A wizzened little spinster opened the door for him, and in answer to his question said:

"Yes, there's lots of children here, more than we have room for, and we're glad to gid rid of—that is to put some of them in good homes. They're all in bed now. Would you like to look at them asleep?"

"If I may," answered Mr. Lance relieved that he was privileged to see them when they were good.

He was conducted through the sleeping rooms where there was row upon row of tiny, white-covered cots on which rested towseled heads, black, brown and golden.

"Can I have this little fellow?" he asked as he paused beside a dark haired boy.

"I think so," the woman answered, taking the number of the cot. "We will look him up in the office."

The boy threw one arm out from under the cover upturned his face to the light and smiled in his sleep. Dear Laddie, perhaps the angels whispered to him of a real home! Sumner Lance saw the smile, and stood for a moment picturing to himself the sturdy youngster struggling to mount a rocking horse, or building towers with blocks upon the floor of his tidy home. How would Marcel feel about that? He must talk to Marcel first.

"Care to look at the girls?" asked the woman.

Yes, he would look at the girls. Following the attendant, he soon came to where they were. The first little girl he saw was irresistible. She was four years old, old enough to be over colic, teething troubles, and a lot of things that would have made the care of her hard for Marcel. She was fair as a mountain lily, with just a tint of rose color on her round little cheeks. Her hair was the color of evening sunshine and curled ever so softly about her ears and neck. A big teardrop glistened on her cheek, and the wet lashes twitched in a way that told Sumner she was not asleep.

"She just came this morning," explained the spinster woman, "and she has cried most of the day for her mother."

"Where is her mother?"

"Died yesterday in the County Hospital."

"I will take this child. May I come for her Thursday morning?"

And so it was settled. Sumner lay awake half the night wondering if Marcel would think him crazy for bringing a child home without consulting her. He had not intended to do it, but what if some one else had taken this little girl? Surely Marcel would like her.

He left the child at the station with the agent's wife when he got home on Thursday, with orders for the express man to bring her to the house at exactly half past eight. He had bought for her a dainty blue frock and ribbon, which he left to be put on by the agent's wife.

It was a merry party that gathered around the festal board that night. The relatives were there, the friends, the socal parasites, and there were still others, for Marcel wanted this to be a real Thanksgiving with the real Thanksgiving spirit; therefore she had borrowed several families who were so poor that no holliday could mean anything much. Sumner had not seen the invitations. They read:

> "Let's put our work and care away,
> And all enjoy Thanksgiving Day.
> We'll sing and dance, we'll play and dine—
> And this includes all thee and thine.
> We feature children. Bring them all,
> There's room and fun for big and small.
> That man will be in sorry plight
> Who comes without a child this night.
> And good luck baskets will await
> The early comers. Don't be late."

So they came early and the dinner was served piping hot. It was a dinner without a flaw. Marcel directed the serving, told clever jokes and made everyone feel joyously at home. When

the dessert was served she announced that everyone had come on time, and so everyone would receive a good luck basket, and the three young girls who were assisting her came in with the dainty things, two at a time, in their hands. The baskets were filled with popcorn pink and white. But hidden in each was some little surprise—a chew of gum, a fortune slip, a friendly wish, and in special cases a handful of pennies, a nickel or a dime. The arrangement was perfect. Everyone got the right thing.

"Is there a basket for my husband?" asked Marcel, and two of the girls came forward with the clothes basket and placed it on a chair. Sumner took a step forward just as the door opened and an expressman deposited on the floor a tall box. All merriment was hushed. Everyone looked expectant.

"Dear Chummy," said Mrs. Lance almost choking with emotion, "I am giving you tonight a gift that I hope will give you pleasure all the rest of your life. I am perfectly willing to help you take care of it, and I sincerely hope you will like it as well as I do."

"I shall not look until I have presented my gift to you, dear," he said as he removed the light perforated cover from the tall box. Gently he lifted from it the fairy-like little girl in blue and gave her to the arms of his astonished wife.

"Her name is Nina," he added, "May heaven help you to keep her."

While his wife sat speechless with the arms of the child clasped about her neck, Mr. Lance uncovered the basket she had given him. An instant he stood spell bound. Then he burst into a laugh that rang through all the house and brought all the guests to their feet. Taking the two babies in his arms the man stood awkwardly and received the congratulations of the crowd. His wife sat silently in her rocker and cuddled the frightened Nina until the child lisped in a baby whisper,

"I love you, pretty lady. Is you my nuvver mama?"

When the party was over and the last guest was gone, Sumner Lance seated himself before the open grate to relax his nerves and think. The gifts had been treated as a huge joke, and had caused their friends a deal of merriment, but the fun was over now, and the little folks were here. It was no joking matter, already he felt the heavy responsibility of his fatherhood, the need of living a blameless life in order to do the best by these children. He had seen so much unwisdom in the lives of fathers—had made for himself so many rules of conduct to be lived if he ever had a family of his own. His wife came after a few minutes and laid her hand on his caressingly.

"You know, Chummy," she said doubtfully, "we can give one of the twins back if we don't want to keep them both."

"Didn't Mrs. Julian say she would take Nina if we care to let her go?" he asked looking at her tenderly.

"Yes, Chummy dear, but I can't think of parting with Nina. She has already accepted me as her 'nuvver mama'."

"Which one of the twins shall we give up?" he asked.

"It's for you to decide, Chummy. Only which ever one it is goes to Susan Tuft. You know how cross she is and it does seem like they simply have a right to each other, being twins."

"I say, dearie, what have we done with all the other presents we have given each other?"

"Treasured them up, Chummy, and loved them, always."

"And here we are, just because we have generously collected for each other two little girls and a boy, wondering what to do about it. Suppose we keep them all."

"Now you are my own dear Chum," she answered, as she joyfully threw her arms about his neck. "I was so afraid you wouldn't like the twins."

A satisfied smile overspread the countenance of Sumner Lance as he enfolded his wife in a tender embrace and whispered:

"'Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them.'"

II

We must close the portals over the following twenty years, while the investment they made matures. Most of our readers can imagine both the premiums and the dividends; for who has not seen the care, the toil and the anxiety, who has not witnessed the joy, the pride and the delight, that come with the rearing of children?

And now twenty years were gone, and again it was Thanksgiving eve, the anniversary of the wedding day of Sumner and Marcel Lance.

The living room was aglow; but only the family were expected to enjoy it tonight. Mr. Lance sat in his big easy chair with Nina's two beautiful children perched on the arms of it. Marcel and Nina busied themselves in kitchen and diningroom, and Nina's husband gazed proudly at his offspring and waited his turn to romp with them.

"Where's mother?" asked Louise entering almost breathless. "Oh, here she is. Daddy, this is for you with love and kisses." And she proceeded to shower the kisses upon him and the babies, and then upon Mrs. Lance, who had entered.

"Mother, dear, I wish this gift were a hundred times as good as it really is! I wish I could do something very, very fine for you, you dearest, best mother in all the world! I wish I could do something that would just make you feel how much I love you! Do the slippers fit, daddy? Do you like the color of the tie? Such *little* presents for the dearest daddy. I just happened to remember that you liked raisins better, or I should have got you

a box of chocolates like mother's. Oh, kiddies, I nearly forgot. Here are some Parrot sticks for you."

While Louise beamed and chattered, Marcel untied her parcel and now held up to view a fur that had cost the girl a full month's salary at teaching.

"My child," she explained, "you cannot afford this!"

"Oh, yes, mother, for you I can. Try it on."

And now Richard entered. He also was beaming but from another reason. He passed through the living room whispering as he passed her, "mother."

Mrs. Lance followed him. When they were alone he put both arms around her and said softly: "I had to tell you first, mother dear. It has come, my letter from Box B has come. Look!"

With trembling hands she took the letter he held out to her, and hastily read it through.

"To Great Britain," she said. "This means that you will carry the gospel to your father's people and mine. That you will be a savior to our house. Oh, wonderful opportunity, my boy!"

"I am so happy, mother, and I did not buy any presents today because I want to bear my own expense on my mission."

"God bless you, my son!" Marcel said fervently as tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Why not admit us all to the council?" called Mr. Lance. And they were all admitted.

"Oh, Bud, a mission? And you'll give up college and everything?" questioned Louise.

"Yes, sister, everything. I should not be a worthy son of mother and daddy if I should give up less than everything for what they have taught me." Richard Lance threw back his broad shoulders and looked a prince in his clean young manhood.

"We can help to keep you," volunteered Nina with a glance at her husband.

"Trust me for taking care of our missionary," said Louise. "Why are we twins if not to divide up? I'll send Rich half my salary every month. Then I can really have a share in his mission. Oh, Bud, I'm so proud of you!" Then she, too, threw back her shoulders and straightened herself in the dignity of her womanhood.

Richard's mission was the main topic of the long evening. Before any of them retired the answer to his letter from Box B had been framed, and an early date fixed for his departure.

"The investment has certainly paid, Sumner," Marcel said firmly when she and her husband were alone. "It is twenty years tonight since we made our big investment. The policy should have matured."

"And it has," answered Mr. Lance gravely, "it has paid an even thousand fold. The Lord be praised."

The Use of Mental Tests

By Lofter Bjarnason, Assistant Professor of Elementary Education, University of Utah

No two blades of grass or leaves of the same tree are identical. Every animal even of the same species differs from every other and similarly there are no two individuals that are exactly alike. These physical differences in individuals are matters of common observation. Mental differences are scarcely less obvious. No two persons have the same degree of mental ability in all lines of intellectual achievement. This has been known from time immemorial. But why they differ so has not been so well known. We know, however, that intellectual ability depends upon two factors: (1) inborn mental capacity which is held to be limited and fixed by inheritance; and (2) environmental influences which may be largely controlled and modified by parents and teachers. The main purpose of mentality tests is to measure this inborn capacity, or "general intelligence." Other tests called "educational tests" have been devised to measure intellectual ability acquired through instruction and training.

For many years philosophers held that mental phenomena could not be measured in an objective way. Experimental study of the mental life of individuals began less than a century ago. The movement is so recent that many of our most prominent present day teachers of psychology, Hall, Titchener, Neumann, Cattell, Judd and others studied under Wilhelm Wundt, the father of modern experimental psychology.

The progress of any science is largely dependent upon the method of investigation and the improvement of the instruments of measurement. No group of investigators have been more conscious of this fact than the modern psychologists. But the workings of the mind are so elusive and difficult to understand that before the last decade little progress had been made in measuring them. It is to men motivated by sympathy for the unfortunate that we are indebted for the tests and scales for measuring intelligence that we now have. Men who dealt with abnormal individuals were the first to sense the need of testing mentality scientifically. Many and varied tests have been devised. Most of the early attempts were in the form of questions directed to adults and the method of grading was faulty. The main purpose was to ascertain the degree of abnormality and what little light these tests shed on normality came as a by-product. Little was known of standards for adults and nothing of standards

for children. In recent years, however, methods have been improved and although the tests and scales are by no means perfect much light has been shed on the problem.

Just what this inborn mental capacity or general intelligence is, is difficult to identify. We can see its manifestations but are unable to ascertain its real nature. That however, should not stop us from attempting to measure it. We use electricity for many purposes. We can transfer it from one form to another. We can use it to heat our ranges, to light our houses and to run street cars and railway trains. Though we do not know its exact nature we measure its power and force. In like manner, men are working out the problem of measuring mentality.

It is to a Frenchman, Alfred Binet, that we are indebted for the scale that has been used most extensively. In 1904 the Minister of France assigned him the task of separating the subnormal from the normal children of the nation. Binet called to his assistance a physician named Simon. Together they worked out a series of tests to detect subnormality. These proved so successful that they decided to formulate another set by which they could test the degree of mental development of the children. This latter scale has won such favor among students of mentality of children that they have been used in almost every civilized country with such modification and adaptation as are needed to suit local needs. Drs. Goddard, of Vineland, New Jersey, and Lewis M. Terman, of Standford University, have made adaptations of the scale to use in American schools. For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with this scale, a synopsis of the 1911 revised edition is given below:

Children of the different ages given should have the ability

Age 3.

1. To point to nose, eyes, and mouth.
2. To repeat two digits.
3. To enumerate objects in a picture.
4. To give family name.
5. To repeat a sentence of six syllables.

Age 4.

1. To give his sex.
2. To name key, knife and penny.
3. To repeat three digits.
4. To compare two lines.

Age 5.

1. To compare two weights.
2. To copy a square.
3. To repeat a sentence of ten syllables.
4. To count four pennies.
5. To unite the halves of a divided rectangle.

Age 6.
1. To distinguish between morning and afternoon.
2. To define certain familiar words in terms of use.
3. To copy a diamond.
4. To count thirteen pennies.
5. To distinguish pictures of ugly and pretty faces.

Age 7.
1. To show right hand and left ear.
2. To describe a picture.
3. To execute three orders given at the same time.
4. To count the value of six sous three of which are double.
5. To name four cardinal colors.

Age 8.
1. To compare two objects from memory.
2. To count from 0 to 20.
3. To note omissions from pictures.
4. To give day and date.
5. To repeat five digits.

Age 9.
1. To give change for twenty-five cents.
2. To define certain familar words.
3. To recognize all the ordinary pieces of money.
4. To name the months of the year in order.
5. To answer easy "comprehension questions."

Age 10.
1. To arrange five blocks in order of weight.
2. To copy certain drawings from memory.
3. To criticize absurd statements.
4. To answer difficult "comprehension questions."
5. To use three given words in not more than two sentences.

Age 12.
1. To assist suggestion.
2. To make up one sentence using three given words.
3. To name sixty words in three minutes.
4. To define certain abstract words.
5. To discover the sense of a disarranged sentence.

Age 15.
1. To repeat seven digits.
2. To find three rhymes for a given word.
3. To repeat a sentence of twenty-six syllables.
4. To interpret pictures.
5. To interpret given facts.

Adult.
1. To solve the paper-cutting test.
2. To rearrange a triangle in imagination.
3. To give differences between pairs of abstract terms.

4. To give three differences between a president and a king.
5. To give the main thought of a selection which he has heard read.

As already suggested this scale is intended to measure mental development to maturity. This development comes through natural growth, training, and experience. Thus the inborn capacity increases as the brain and nervous system grow until maturity is reached. It is the factor in mental life which makes intelligence possible. A person born with capacity for learning but excluded from all opportunities to learn would remain unintelligent. Intelligence, then, must be acquired. The inborn capacity must then, manifest itself through what the individual learns while he is progressing toward maturity; and since the brain and nervous system reach their maximum growth about the fifteenth year, the measure of an individual's capacity for learning at that age is the measure of his mentality. There is, then, no mental age above the fifteenth or sixteenth year and so two individuals one fifty and the other fifteen each getting the score of an average child of 12 would have the came mental age, namely that of 12.

The Binet scale attempts to measure the higher and more complex thought processes of the mind and not simple sense perceptions and reaction time as the tests prepared by his predecessors had done. Dr. Terman worked out for each age a standard of normality. This represents the score received by the greatest number of children of a given age. The mental age of a given child is the score he gets on the test. To show the child's position on the scale of mentality. Terman used the term intelligence quotient. It is found by multiplying the mental age by 100 and dividing by the age in years. This is known as the I. Q. of the individual and is supposed to remain constant throughout his life.

Individuals of different I. Q's. are classified by Terman as follows:

I. Q.	*Class*
Above 140	Near genius or genius.
120 to 140	Very superior intelligence.
110 to 120	Superior intelligence.
90 to 110	Normal, or average, intelligence.
80 to 90	Dullness, rarely classified as feeble-mindedness.
70 to 80	Borderline deficiency, sometimes classifiable as dullness, often as feeble-mindedness.
Below 70	Definite feeble-mindedness.

The Sanford Revision of the Binet-Simon scale is an individuality test, that is, it must be administered to children in-

dividually. This takes a great deal of time. Consequently many students of mentality have worked out tests and scales that can be given to several children at the same time. These latter are known as group intelligence tests. Of these the National Intelligence tests and the Otis tests are perhaps the best known. Although the method of giving and scoring such tests differ somewhat from the individual tests, the general purpose that of ascertaining the relative mentality of children is the same.

Mentality tests help the teacher to better understand the child, and are therefore, aids to better teaching, for obviously if the teacher understands the child better she can better instruct him. Other factors being equal or nearly so, one would expect a man of 180 pounds to throw out more dirt from a trench than a man of 120 pounds; and similarly children of great mental capacity should be expected to achieve greater intellectual results than those less gifted. A teacher will, then expect less of a child whose I. Q. is 75 than she does from one whose I. Q. is 125. If she does her work well, she will work each to his capacity, the ideal always being to teach the child that which he needs to know, think and feel up to the limits of his inborn capacity.

To measure the progress of pupils in the subjects taught in school, other tests called educational tests are being devised and improved. The traditional A. B. C. D.-marking system is gradually being supplanted by a more definite and accurate system of evaluating the results of instruction. The tendency is to make teaching not only an art but a science.

Both mentality tests and educational tests though still in the experimental stage of development serve a very commendable purpose, namely, that of knowing, in an objective way, the capacity and progress of the child. Each form of test should be interpreted in terms of what it reveals and should never be regarded as the sole criterion. Each is a means of knowing the child better. But to use tests for the purpose of classifying children as botanists classify plants and then segregating them into groups, is not as important as enthusiasts for mental measurement would have us believe. When children are so segregated, there is a tendency for the teacher to plan her instruction in terms of the group and the class becomes the unit of instruction instead of the individual child. Here the premise is obviously wrong. Learning does not go on in the group as such; it goes on in each individaul member of the group. The recognition of this fact has brought about an emphasis on individual instruction through supervised study and the modern school is becoming more and more a place for directed pupil activity and supervised study and less a "recitative" school. In this new type of school the child as an individual and not the group is made the unit of instruction.

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Woman and the Scientific Age

The scientific age has proved a real boon to woman. She has been the beneficiary of its practical output to a very marked degree. A veritable revolution has been wrought in household work in forty years' time. The electric motor has succeeded in eliminating the old fashioned washboard, a symbol of household drudgery. A goodly number of homes possess a mangling machine which, with the aid of the electric iron, has so revolutionized ironing that the methods of laundering in the home today are quite as different as the methods of lighting and heating. All of us recall the discomfort engendered in a house by heating irons on a coal stove to launder summer clothing. Today the attachment of an electric iron to a socket in the coolest room in the house permits us to prepare summer clothing in an atmosphere of comfort.

Our pioneer grandmothers tell us that their homes were lighted with a tallow dip. Many of our mothers and grandmothers spent hours of time each day filling lamps with kerosene oil, polishing lamp glasses and globes in order to light the home in the evening. Then, if the lamp were other than a hanging lamp suspended from the ceiling or one that could be fastened securely to the side of the wall, they worried constantly lest some of the children might pull the table cover or climb upon the table and push the lamp over, thereby setting themselves and

the house afire. Today very little insecurity is felt because of lighting equipment, and very little time is spent polishing globes and lighting attachments. Most of our daily duty in this respect consists of touching a button, which immediately floods the room with light.

The apparatus of the kitchen, consisting of gas and electric stoves, makes it possible to work quickly and with a minimum of heat in the summer time. Also such devices as percolators, waffle irons, chafing dishes, etc., add to the convenience of the kitchen.

So much for time saving devices in the home. Yet other devices are found in the home, which are the products of science, not purely utilitarian in character. Many women today wash their dishes while they listen to a solo from Caruso, Alma Gluck, or Galli-Curci. Women sit in their homes and hear sermons preached in San Francisco and addresses delivered to culture societies in Denver. The campaign of this season has been to a surprising extent conducted by means of the radio.

Yet, while the phonograph and the radio furnish the home in many instances with the cultural products of our time, it is doubted if anything has really brought more pleasure into the lives of the people of today than the motor car or automobile. Through this most pleasing asset, people from this and many other states yearly visit Bryce, Little Zion, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Cedar Breaks, American Fork Canyon, Cottonwood Canyon, Ogden and Logan Canyons, and other canyons that prove most enchanting to lovers of nature.

All these things are the products of science, and they have practically revolutionized the lives of tens of thousands of people. We may not know what the concrete elements of that new heaven, towards which we are all looking, may be, but all of us are certainly reasonably familiar with the things that have combined to make for us a new earth. For these things we should be duly grateful, and while we thank the Lord for the harvest of the year and praise Him for all blessings received, we should not be unmindful that every good and perfect gift cometh from above, and that he has inspired and led men to ferret out the mysteries of the universe, so that they have come into possession of knowledge that has made it possible for them to harness the forces of nature and bring to us devices of untold value that enrich our lives.

The Elizabethan dramatists were fond of having their characters say that they would "put a girdle 'round about the earth in forty minutes." Shakespeare was not the originator of that expression. He put into Puck's mouth the thing that had been said by his predecessors. In all probability those people had but a vague notion of the thing they talked of, yet that which they dreamed the moderns have realized; for, through the aid of sci-

ence, we of this latter day have in a variety of ways put a girdle "'round about the earth in forty minutes."

Conference of Utah Public Health Association

Utah's need of a sanitorium for tubercular persons, was the leading topic of discussion in the seventh annual conference of the Utah Public Health Association, held in Salt Lake City, September 24, 1924. Elder George Albert Smith, chairman of the State Sanitorium Committee spoke on steps looking toward the establishment of such an institution.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe presided over the conference. Mr. Frank B. Cook, president of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club, gave the address of welcome. The response was given by Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, general president of the National Woman's Relief Society.

Congressman Don B. Colton, Dr. George W. Middleton, Miss A. A. Buffington, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Salt Lake City; Mrs. E. O. Wattis, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; Dr. E. G. Gowans, Dr. T. B. Beatty, Dr. F. E. Murry, U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry, were among the speakers.

In another part of this issue of the *Magazine* will be found the addresses of Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams and Miss A. A. Buffington.

An Appreciation

By Edith Ivins Lamoreaux

It was the good fortune recently of the officers and members in one stake of Zion to listen to our beloved poet and apostle, Elder Orson F. Whitney give an inspirational talk on literature at a Relief Society stake conference. Though for illustration suited to the occasion, Elder Whitney called attention to many of the poets as prophets—men inspired of God, the reference to the works of James Russell Lowell was most applicable to our recent lessons, and was greatly appreciated by those present. Most aply did he portray to us the idea, as expressed by Shakespeare:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them, how we will."

Two of Lowell's poems, "A Glance Behind the Curtain," and "Columbus," according to Elder Whitney, open this vision vividly before us. The former is a "glance" into the inner life of the great English Commoner, Oliver Cromwell, the story of whose

rise to power in England we all remember. His staunch co-laborer and friend, John Hampden, also a prominent figure in the dethronement of England's King, Charles I, realizing the dangers awaiting them both, through political and religious intrigue among their followers, suggests a means of escape, with future prospects of safety and freedom, by flight to America in these words:

"O Cromwell, we are fallen on evil times!
* * * * * *
"Therefore, let us seek out that savage clime where men as yet
Are free; there sleeps the vessel on the tide,
Her languid canvas drooping for the wind.
* * * * * *
"All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord
Will watch as kindly o'er the exodus
Of us, his servants, now as in old time."

Standing on the pier, where vessels soon bound for America lay anchored in the harbor of the Thames, the temptation was as strong in Cromwell as in Hampden. Suddenly as if upon the blue sky he saw his doom portrayed as did Beltshazzer before the fall of Babylon, Cromwell made reply:

"Hampden, a moment since my purpose was to fly with thee,
For I will call it flight, nor flatter it with any
Smoother name—
But something in me bids me not to go.
And I am one thou knowest, who unmoved
By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed
And reverence due, to whatsoe'er my soul
Whispers of warning to the inner ear."

And farther on:

"We learn our own souls more, tossing for an hour
Upon this huge and ever-vexed sea,
Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
Than in a cycle of New England sloth,
Broke only by a petty Indian War."

And also:

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him! There is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!"

Mothers in Israel, do we believe this latter doctrine of Cromwell's as portrayed by Lowell? Are we endeavoring to teach it to our children;

As Book of Mormon students we concede our belief in the divine mission and guidance of Columbus, in the discovery of America, the promised land. But personally, I needed the eloquent touch of Elder Whitney's magic wand to make me appreciate the human side of this great character, who by working out God's will made possible so much of peace and happiness for us—the chosen seed of Israel—the Latter-day Saints here in this land of the free.

Oh! the agony that must have filled his soul on ship board, on that memorable night when his crew had mutinied, threatening that if land was not in sight next day, they would throw him overboard into the sea! Alone with God and the stars he says:

"Oh Faith! If thou art strong, thine opposite
Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer
Hath oftimes shot chill palsy through the arm,
Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed."

Like Cromwell he had moments of temptation to give up. He says:

"I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opes all Fortune's doors;
But whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius,
Which makes the wise heart certain of its neds."

And again he says:

"Here am I; for what end God knows, not I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul!
Here am I, with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in swift death."

We know the story of his triumph. How when the ship's captain came to him each hour, with the query, "What shall I say to these thy mutinous men," his only answer was "Sail on! Sail on!" How land appeared in answer to his prayer; and that his first thought upon setting foot on soil was to kneel in thanksgiving to Him who helped him reach his goal. Thus I might go on—but in closing let me give these lines from Lowell most applicable to us all:

"Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each of us may write
His little word, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim is crime."

A Thanksgiving Lesson

By A. E. Winship

This article, *A Thanksgiving Lesson,* was inspired by a visit of Dr. A. E. Winship to the Sunday schools of the city of Ogden. The people in that city will have some idea of the time when the article was written, from the fact that Dr. Winship states that Ogden was then a city of less than 20,000 inhabitants.

It was the Sunday before Thanksgiving; a cold, raw, dismal November Sunday in an unattractive hotel in a city of less than 20,000 inhabitants, a city in which I had no comrades. There was really nothing that gave me a thanksgiving spirit.

The only thing that interested me was the statement by some stranger, sometime before, that there was a remarkable Sunday school in that city, and though I had not thought of a Sunday school as being especially attractive on such a day, I went uninvited and was there unrecognized.

I was short on appreciation of Sunday schools, I had played in hard luck on Sunday school attractions and in general had heard no praises sung on them, so that the fact that anybody had spoken in emphatic praise of any Sunday school was in itself alluring.

The first classroom I entered, a primary class, captivated me at once, and as no one seemed to know I was there, I stayed with an interest increasing in geometrical ratio. I was amazed that the lesson period lasted fifty minutes instead of the traditional twenty minutes. The children, every one of them, were as interested as I was, and could demonstrate their interest as I could not.

It at once developed that there had been two previous lessons on Thanksgiving, an approach to the real Sunday-before-Thanksgiving, and more than ten minutes was devoted to the review of each of those lessons, and every child knew all about both lessons, so that the reviews went off exuberantly.

The first lesson, as an approach to this lesson, had dwelt upon the way water was provided in their homes and in the country homes they had visited.

Some homes get water from a well, get the water from the well in buckets. Some get water from pumps. Some wells and pumps are a long distance from the house. Sometimes women have to go for the water in all kinds of weather. None of their homes in the city had wells or pumps, few of them could have wells or pumps because the houses were too close together and

some of them lived in apartment houses where there were several families. They got water from a faucet. They could get hot water from a faucet.

They were thankful for plumbers who could put in pipes and faucets; thankful to the city water department. They saw all sorts of causes for thanksgiving.

The second lesson, which was reviewed enthusiastically, gave cause for thanksgiving for the city government that provided the city water department, for the taxpayers who paid for all this, for the Legislature that provided the big reservoir that supplied the water for that city and several other places.

They knew who was in the city government from that part of the city, who was in the Legislature from that city, and saw a lot of cause they had for thanksgiving.

With these reviewed lessons out of the way, the work of the Sunday-before-Thanksgiving began.

Where does the reservoir get its water? From the river.

Where does the river get its water? From the hills.

Where do the hills get the water? From the rain.

Where does the rain get water? From the clouds.

Where do the clouds get water?

This required a lot of explaining by the teacher about evaporation, and the way the atmosphere gets its moisture from the earth. The children had been getting ready for this.

The children saw what wonderful natural laws there were, and were thankful for the laws of nature as they had been for the plumber, the city water department, the city government and the legislature.

Then she told them about the Bible, what a wonderful book it is, and had them learn and recite the text from the Old Testament, "Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

Long before men knew anything about water works, or the laws of nature, the Lord had a man say that "Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

The Lord is really the giver of all these gifts of water to the clouds, water for the rain, water for the rivers, water for the reservoirs, water for water pipes, water for the faucets.

How many things we have to thank the Lord for! It was a wonderful Thanksgiving service for those children. It is just as vivid to me today as it was on that stormy Sunday before Thanksgiving several years ago.

Response

By Clarissa S. Williams

Remarks Before the Utah Public Health Association
September 24, 1924

Acknowledging the cordial welcome extended by Mr. Cook, president of the Commercial Club, and in behalf of the Utah Public Health Association, I desire to express our appreciation of the kind words spoken.

This convention is provided for by the constitution and by-laws of the Utah Public Health Association, which require that it shall be held between September 15 and October 15 of each year. This is the day also when new directors are elected. According to the constitution, the officers may be elected at the close of this convention or within the next fifteen days.

Our board of directors is composed of seventy-two men and women from all parts of the state, those who are known in their communities to be interested in all health and social questions. The terms of the directors are for four years, and one-fourth are elected annually.

Like all voluntary organizations, it is non-sectarian and non-political. The principal objects of its organization are briefly set out in the constitution:

First: Dissemination of knowledge concerning the causes and methods of prevention of communicable diseases, including tuberculosis.

Second: Investigation of the prevalence of such diseases in the state of Utah and the collecting and publishing of useful information.

Third: Securing of proper legislation to promote the relief and control of such diseases.

Fourth: Encouragement of adequate provision for consumptives and others who may be in need of institutional care for preventable disease, by the establishment of sanatoria dispensaries and otherwise.

There is no other organization in the state, excepting the Utah Public Health Association, which is devoting its activities to the prevention and cure of tuberculosis, that dread disease which, since 1916, has caused the death of 1,500 people in our state. By clinics, nurses, demonstrations, lectures, literature, and correspondence, it has disseminated information to all parts of Utah, and the results of its incessant activities is seen in the gradual decrease in our death rate from tuberculosis.

The Association receives no financial aid from the public treasury. Its resources come exclusively from the sale of the

little penny Christmas Seal, which is sold every year between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Eve. It is the designated agent of the National Tuberculosis Association, by contract executed between the two organizations, which provides the Utah Public Health Association shall not be under the direction or control of any state or local government agency, and that its funds shall be spent for educational work only.

While it is true that the Christmas seal sale is the only method employed for raising funds to carry on the work of the Association, yet there is a deeper, more significant meaning to the sale than mere money raising. Christmas seals have come to be universally recognized as the advertisement for the health campaign. One lone, little Christmas seal, wherever it is seen, means victory over one of the deadliest enemies of mankind. It is what the flag means on the firing line—hope, encouragement, safety for the dear ones at home, and success—victory! Whoever buys a Christmas seal is taking active part in the universal fight to conquer disease. And whoever buys a Christmas seal buys an interest in that fight. Purchase of one of those penny stickers arouses a person's interest in the anti-disease campaign. The second time that he sees a seal or buys one, that interest is strengthened. By constant repetition it is impressed on his mind that that dread disease, tuberculosis, is both preventable and curable, that there is an organization within the state which disseminates information on how to prevent it and how to cure it. Eventually he gains that information and it becomes a part of his every day life. In such fashion the message of the Utah Public Health Association is spread into every home in the state. We could not function without the Christmas seals; and, consequently, as the territory widens which the seals expand, the efficiency of the Association increases.

Tuberculosis: a Social Disease

Remarks before the Utah Public Health Association by Miss Adaline A. Buffington, General Secretary, Charity Organization Society, Salt Lake City, September 24, 1924.

The organization with which I am connected, is concerned primarily with helping families in trouble regain their independence, so that they do not need to ask anyone for assistance. In this work we find a particularly difficult problem in tuberculosis. It is peculiarly a social disease on account of its very nature. It is not an illness that one recovers from quickly or easily. It is long-drawn out. It is very infectious to those with whom the patient comes in contact. The discharge from the nose and throat carries the disease to others, and unless the patient is very careful, he infects those around him. This is peculiarly true of children, who take it much more readily than grown people. Well-confirmed statistics show us that to one death from tuberculosis, we have seven active cases, and to one case of tuberculosis, we have nine contact cases; that is, nine people who catch it from one sick person.

Again, tuberculosis is a specially difficult problem because it is fostered by dark houses, by damp and ill-ventilated houses, by over-crowded rooms and houses. Poor people, unable to pay their rent, take in boarders, and I noticed that during an investigation made by our Utah Public Health Association in one county, several instances were found where two rooms housed twenty people. I think we do not have such crowded conditions in Salt Lake, although we have met them sometimes in the Mexican quarters where a number of men, living without their families crowd together in a small space. Again, tuberculosis is fostered by poor food, not enough food, wrong food, ill-cooked food, such as we often meet with in the homes where the mother or housewife is ignorant or is a young person with no knowledge of cooking and home-making. Tuberculosis is fostered also by the fatigue resulting from over-work, or work under poor conditions. There are some industries which predispose the workers to tuberculosis such as the smelters, where there is a great deal of dust, or factories where there is much lint. There is also a miner's consumption. Fortunately, this does not appear to be as infectious as the ordinary type.

Altogether, conditions that make for poverty also make for tuberculosis as well as other illnesses. Illness of various kinds is one of our most common causes of destitution. Illness leads to poverty, and poverty leads to illness, and it becomes a vicious

circle. In the group of illnesses tuberculosis takes a leading part. I have heard Mr. Bailey Burnitt, of the New York Association for improving the condition of the poor, say that 33% of all relief work in New York City was in families where there was tuberculosis; also that 41% of all relief work among widows was for those whose husbands died from tuberculosis. We think that the proportion is not so large in Utah or Salt Lake City, but we have enough of it to make us sit up and take notice and recognize it as a problem to be dealt with; and we are not dealing with it successfully at the present time. The statistics in Salt Lake City show us that in the past seven years we had 570 deaths from that disease. And that does not count the contact cases or those who have lived for a little time in the state, but who did not die here.

Now, in handling this disease as a social problem, we workers have a particularly hard time in Utah because of the lack of resources. Those of us who have worked in other states where they have resources, know that it is almost impossible to educate a tuberculosis patient how to take care of himself so that he will not be a menace to others without having him trained in an institution for the care of the disease. This is particularly necessary in the instance of advanced tubercular patients because they are of the most menace to those around them. In an incipient case we still have to rely largely on educating the patient to effect a cure for himself. He must be taught how to sleep, how to eat, and how to live in order to get well, and in order to save those around him. Therefore, we need, as well as tubercular sanatoria of state or county, public health nurses to instruct families and patients; tuberculosis clinics where experienced doctors are available to examine patients in all stages of the disease, and where the patients can return at intervals for re-examinations. We need an active public opinion which is usually fostered by a Public Health Association, or Tuberculosis Association, to make the patients want to do the proper thing to get well and to educate the public so that, for instance, the doctors in the community will report their tuberculosis cases. In Salt Lake City, although we have a law for that purpose, many of our physicians do not report their cases, and we therefore do not know how prevalent the disease is, except as we reckon it from the death statistics. Where there is an active public opinion which provides sanatoria, and clinics, and public health nurses, as well as a public health association, we frequently have tuberculosis camps in the summer, and tuberculosis preventoriam for children, where children in the secondary stages of the disease (that of enlarged glands) can be sent to be built up, so that they will stand less chance of coming down with the lung variety. We have also in some of the eastern states excellent housing laws which prohibit the existence of dark rooms and damp rooms, and poorly ventilated rooms. All of these re-

sources then and active public opinion, help the social worker very much in his task of rehabilitating, or putting on their feet a family in which the disease is found.

Now in Salt Lake City of all the resources mentioned, we have just two. We have an active Public Health Association and we have twenty beds at the County Hospital for tuberculosis cases for the entire state. It is true that we have general clinics where we can obtain examinations for tuberculosis patients, but we have no regular tuberculosis clinic with a staff of expert physicians available. This lack of resources makes the handling of such cases very difficult for us. For instance, a family that has given all the social agencies a great deal of trouble is one where there is a man, a wife and two small children. They came here because the woman's mother lived here. They had been wandering from place to place in an automobile, earning a very scanty livelihood and trying to get the man of the family well. He had an advanced case of tuberculosis and took no care of himself or his family. People gave to them liberally in Salt Lake City, as it was such a pitiful case. After a great deal of persuasion we got the man to the County Hospital. But we could not keep him there. He returned to his wife and children, and the last we knew they had started out again on their pilgrimage in an automobile, given by some benevolent person, to spread the disease from place to place.

Another instance, and a pitiful one, was that of a man in the thirties who had a good trade, a wife, and one child, but who broke down twice in the course of three years without being able to find out what was wrong with him. When he came to us and we got a thorough examination, he had an advanced case of the disease. He consented to go the hospital through the press of family circumstances, as his wife could not support him and the boy and make payments on the house which they were buying. When he had the necessary care she rented the house, and got work for herself, which solved the family difficulty. The man, however, is not likely to recover because he did not find out in time what was wrong with him.

The only instance in a year where we have had any success at all in dealing with these cases, was one family where there were eight children. Fortunately, we were called into the situation when the man in the family was sick but did not know what was wrong. He was being treated by an herb doctor for whom he had a great attachment. After a great deal of persuasion and talking we finally got him examined at one of the clinics, with the result that he was pronounced an incipient case of tuberculosis. We used the art of persuasion and called in one of the Board of Health nurses to our assistance. Fortunately, there was a sleeping porch on the house, and between ourselves and the nurse, we

made him eat the necessary food and sleep on the porch. He made rapid progress inside of a few months, the Charity Organization Society and the County taking care of his family meantime, and the last we knew he had gone back to his work on the railroad and had passed a physical examination successfully. Of course, it remains to be seen whether he will stand up under the heavier work.

I have not mentioned the number of wandering cases that go through Utah. Hardly a day goes by but what some man suffering from tuberculosis comes into my office. Recently we had a distressing case of a young boy whose parents had both been killed in the Mexican revolution, but who had come to this country seven years ago and had lived in California with some one connected with the Mexican consulate until he began to have hemorrhages. The people had been so good to him that he said he did not want to impose upon them, so he ran away some three or four months ago. He wandered from state to state, becoming more and more destitute, and finally stopped here. He was going he knew not where, except that he wanted to go to a warmer climate where he would be better. We took care of him temporarily and had him examined.

There are so many of these patients wandering through the West that it seems to me that the West will have to make some special provision for them regardless of what the East is doing, for they certainly carry the disease every place they go and do no good to themselves or to anyone else. What is to become of this boy, for instance; without home, without friends, without medical care, who belongs nowhere, so that he cannot claim care anywhere, even if it was available?

I have not spoken of the economic loss of these cases to the community, but the figures are startling. Each death is reckoned by the insurance companies, whom we consider reliable, as amounting to a loss of $7,725. The economic loss to the United States in one year from this disease alone is reckoned at $1,235,000,000. Taking the figures we have of Salt Lake City, 570 deaths in seven years cost us the startling sum of $4,403,250. This does not take into account the cost of the care of the ill person to the community, or the heart-ache and strain upon the family, or the burden of caring for the family of the conumptive after his death, and the care of sick children or wife who had been infected.

The only remedy for the whole difficulty seems to me to lie in education. We need to educate our public to the fact that we have the disease in our midst, that it is a problem which we must solve, and that to solve it we need resources. We need a state sanatarium very badly indeed. That should be the first resource that we should work for. After we get that, we can apply our-

selves to getting other things such as clinics, public health nurses, etc. When we have the resources our task is not ended. We must keep on educating the public to use the resources; educating sick people to go to sanatoria and clinics, and to take care of themselves so that they will not infect their families. Dr. Thomas Green who was here recently in connection with the Red Cross Regional Conference said that civilization was a "race between catastrophe and education." By all means let us have education.

Out Door Sleeping

Unfortunately most people cannot live out of doors all of the time, and many are so situated that they cannot even secure ventilation, granted that they want it. But there is one important part of the twenty-four hours when most people can completely control their own air supply. This is at night. We spend a third of our lives in bed. Most of us live such confined lives during the day; then we should all the more avail ourselves of our opportunities to practice air hygiene at night.

It is the universal testimony of those who have slept out-of-doors that the best ventilated sleeping-room is far inferior in healthfulness to an outdoor sleeping-porch, open tent, or window tent (large enough to include the whole bed.) For generations, outdoor sleeping has occasionally been used as a health measure in certain favorable climate and seasons. But only in the last two decades has it been used in ordinary climates and all the year round. Dr. Millet, a Brockton physician, began some years ago to prescribe outdoor sleeping for some shoe-factory workmen who were suffering from tuberculosis. As a consequence, in spite of their unsanitary working-places, (where they still continued to work while being treated for tuberculosis), they often conquered the disease in a few months. It was largely this experience which led to the general adoption, irrespective of climate, of outdoor sleeping for the treatment of tuberculosis. The practice has since been introduced for nervous troubles and for other diseases, including pneumonia. Lately the value of outdoor sleeping for well persons of all classes, infants and children as well as adults, has come to be widely recognized.

Outdoor sleeping increases the power to resist disease, and greatly promotes physical vigor, endurance, and working power.

—*From "How to Live," Fisher and Fisk.*

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

European Mission

Mrs. Eliza W. Tadje, president of the Relief Society work in the Swiss and German mission, writes to the General Board as follows:

"I am very happy to report the progress of the Basel branch Relief Society of this mission, and I believe we have every reason to be proud of this organization because of the wonderful work

BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE SWISS AND GERMAN MISSION

that is being done. The society is fully organized with Minna Seyfarth as president, and Luise Zimmer and Mathilde Weissenberger, first and second counselors respectively; Else Arm, secretary-treasurer; Helene Dreesen, organist, and Marie Haas, chorister. Sister Seyfarth with her associates have the love and respect of all members and friends of the organization and are working harmoniously together.

"The lessons as outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine* are rather difficult for our new members and friends. Sister Emma Ray McKay has selected a number of lessons most suitable for us from the various Relief Society courses of study, which have been translated into the German language, and are now being used throughout the Swiss and German mission. These lessons are mostly on social service and theology, and it is something

that our Saints haven't had in late years, if at all. According to reports recently received from the various branches the class work is now very successful.

"It is our aim to reach the hearts of all Latter-day Saints and to impress upon their souls the necessity of keeping the Lord's commandments. By doing so our spirits become richer and our influence greater. We are also putting forth an effort to impress these good people with the necessity of setting good examples before the world, and I believe we are meeting with appreciable success. Relief Society women here are unselfish and have the real spirit of the work. During the last year they have not only worked for their own branch but when conditions in Germany were not the best, this society has done its bit in relieving the suffering of the poverty stricken Saints.

"Personally, I am indeed grateful to my heavenly Father for the privilege of being in the mission field together with my husband. I have learned to love the Saints and our dear missionaries who are laboring so diligently to spread the gospel message. God bless the parents of these elders; their loved ones have reason to rejoice because of the wonderful work they are accomplishing."

South African Mission

Mrs. Magdalen Sessions, president of the Relief Society work of the South African mission, sends the following very interesting letter with her reports:

"Having just returned from a very interesting trip throughout the mission, I thought you would be pleased to know that the Relief Society work in South Africa is steadfastly continuing. I visited three of the four organizations which were begun three years ago, Mowbray, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, and in each of these cities the meetings are held regularly and the work of the organization is being felt and appreciated in the branches. While I was at Johannesburg the Relief Society held a bazaar which we considered very successful. The proceeds from the sale of work amounted to $200, of which $150 was given to the building fund of the new Johannesburg chapel. The women are planning another sale to be held in about six months, for the same purpose. The sisters at Kimberley and Mowbray also contributed work and articles for the bazaar and are all interested in the building of the new church. The little organization in Mowbray also gave a successful bazaar recently which enabled them to contribute $50 towards the new Johannesburg chapel. I think the value received from their effort was the harmonious work that was done by the sisters, as well as the amount of work and the funds raised, for much was learned along the lines of cooperation as well as sewing, etc. The whole neighborhood sur-

prised the Relief Society by their willingness to patronize the bazaar, and they are now asking for another. As you look at our reports I am sure our organizations will seem very small to you, but they are a beginning, and have continued steadily now for two years. Our report of average attendance does not include visitors, some of whom take an active part, but do not wish to be enrolled. One thing that keeps our organizations small is that as soon as possible Saints leave for America. However, the Relief Societies are appreciated by the various branches for they look after the poor and also help out financially. I have tried to adapt the *Magazine* lessons to our conditions but I find it very hard as all here are so very new in the gospel; we have been very successful, however, with the history of the Church, and lessons of that order which do not need so much previous information. Where necessary, the elders conduct the lessons. Since the elders have been re-established at Port Elizabeth, they have been so successful in making converts and friends that we thought it the right time or organize the Relief Society there, for we have found that the united efforts of the sisters add much to the strength of any branch. The president, Mrs. Edward Peek, and her co-workers, are all energetic and progressive women and I hope that we shall have a live and useful organization. Most of them are new members of the Church, and the elders will conduct the class work for a while. The lesson meetings will alternate with sewing classes. They have an efficient needlewoman as instructor in sewing.

"Incidentally, we enjoyed a very pleasant experience while away. I preceded President Sessions to Johannesburg, in order to get better acquainted with the sisters and to help with the bazaar. President Sessions came up in time for conference, and after our work was finished Dr. and Mrs. Williams, who are friends of ours from Cape Town, met us at Johannesburg and we made the return journey to Cape Town in their motor car—a distance of two thousand miles. We visited the native territory and tribes of the Zulus, Pondos, Fingos, and the Red Kaffirs. Every minute was extremely interesting and the trip was a rare opportunity for there is no way of seeing the people in their native state except by motor. We visited their huts, ate meals out of their community pots, and camped among them. European visitors are so rare that many of the children screamed with fright and ran for shelter.

"It is a great inspiration to receive the *Magazine* and communications from the General Board. I cannot tell you how happy I shall be to be back in Zion and to be in direct touch with the Church at home. It only takes such an opportunity of comparison as I have had, to make me perfectly sure that those

directing the work of the Church are inspired of the Lord. We are enjoying our work here and find much in Africa to keep us busy and therefore happy."

Bear River Stake

For the past three years the Relief Societies of the Bear River stake have been holding district conferences throughout the stake. They have just completed these group conferences for the year 1924. They feel that these meetings are probably the most pleasant and profitable ones of the year. There are three and four wards in each conference, and by changing the place of meeting each year, all the wards are given an opportunity to entertain visiting societies. It has been the means of getting better acquainted and of promoting harmony and greater friendship among the Relief Society women. The exchanging of ideas and working plans, and the hearing of each other's problems and conditions, have been helpful to all. The social hour following the meetings has been most enjoyable. The meetings have been attended by the stake officers and most of the board members, and have been favored with the presence of bishops and other brethren, all of which has been greatly appreciated. Maternity bundles have been placed in every ward Relief Society, and all are provided with an enameled tin box that may be kept securely locked, away from dust or other contamination.

Twin Falls Stake

The Twin Falls stake Relief Society board entertained the ward officers, class leaders and teachers at the home of President Kate Kirkham, late in July. About sixty people were present. Each organization contributed not less than fifteen minutes of entertainment. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed a sociable time together.

Fremont Stake

In order to send a special delegation to April conference, the stake board of Fremont stake called on the wards to help and very excellent meals were served in the basement of the tabernacle during stake conference Saturday and Sunday, March 22 and 23. These meals were served cafeteria style, at five and ten cents per dish. Each ward responded cheerfully and the neat sum of $89.77 was netted. The board also co-operated with the picture show by advertising and selling tickets for a good picture, and an additional sum of $54.79 was netted.

On July 28 and 29, a very successful health conference was held in Fremont stake under the auspices of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the state of Idaho. The Social Service department of the stake Relief Society took the lead in securing the clinic for

the county. All of the women's clubs and organizations of Rexburg and vicinity were called in to help put over the advertising, registration, and other preparation for the clinic. About twenty-four mothers and babies were examined by Dr. F. W. Almond, director of Bureau of Child Hygiene, and Miss Robinson, the nurse. It is felt that much good was accomplished by bringing these people to the community. A number of women have expressed themselves as being thankful for the Sheppard-Towner provision, which has made it possible, financially, for the women to receive competent advice and help in caring for mothers and babies.

Recently the stake board entertained the local officers at a party in the basement of the tabernacle. President Lavina Walker presided at the meeting. A good program was given, consisting of appropriate songs, readings and musical numbers by members of the board. One interesting feature was the original song in which some of the known and unknown characteristics and abilities of each board member were brought to light. A delicious luncheon was served to ninety-eight officers, ten board members, and six special guests, including James Blake of the stake presidency. During the luncheon, toasts were given by board members and heartily responded to by local officers. All joined in the "get-acquainted" games and community singing and just before the close of the party a motion was put by local officers and carried that in the near future the local officers entertain the stake board members. An excellent spirit prevailed throughout the entire entertainment and no doubt much good will result from this effort.

Deseret Stake

The Deseret stake Relief Society was reorganized June 22, 1924. Mrs. Alice L. Gardner who has presided so ably over the Relief Society work for a number of years, was released on account of moving from the stake, and Mrs. Martha C. Adams was appointed president. Mrs. Gardner was one of the most capable and enthusiastic members of the social service class held at the Brigham Young University during the summer of 1920, when, for six weeks she, with the other members of the class, devoted her time exclusively to the study of welfare work. After her appointment as president, Mrs. Gardner made a careful survey of conditions and needs in her stake and with her capable assistants, set about to maintain all the old standards and to make improvements wherever possible. She has been most successful in her labors and her removal from Deseret stake is a distinct loss to the Relief Society. It is hoped that in her new home in Colorado Mrs. Gardner will at once identify herself with Relief Society work and be as helpful there as she was in Utah.

The new officers of the stake are: president, Mrs. Martha C. Adams; counselors, Mrs. Eliza S. Cottrell and Mrs. Jene L. Gardner; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Lillie E. Wood.

Nature's Alchemy

Linda S. Fletcher

Art thou worthy, Child of Earthland,
To behold the dewey wonder,
Pearl and rose of early dawning?
Or the golden flood of glory
On the waiting earth descending,
As the day again commences?
Art thou worthy of the mountains
Tow'ring 'round thee, ever beck'ning
Thee to climb, until thy spirit
And its earthly tabernacle
Fuse to make a soul immortal?
Do the crystalline flecks of brilliance,
Scintillating in the heavens,
Move thy soul to adoration,
Teach it to be beautiful, patient?
Do the diamond drops of lakelet,
Sun-kissed to a shining marvel,
Wake a song of joy within thee,
Teaching thee to sing the praises
Of the God of Love, Creator?
Art thou worthy to behold the
Close of day, when western heavens
Flame with amethyst and amber,
And a paean of thanksgiving,
Beauty rouses in thy being?
If unworthy—
All the sublime
Magic Nature has to offer,
For the soul-refining process,
Thou, blind clay, with eyes unseeing,
Beholdst, but doth partake not of,
Thy radiant spirit, earthy grows;
Knows no progression,
But if worthy,
All thy vision is unclouded,
Thou beholdst God made manifest in nature;
And thy eager spirit, yearning heavenward.
Transmutes thy mortal part,—
And it becomes immortal.

Guide Lessons for January

LESSON I

(Third Week in January)

Theology and Testimony

THE PARABLES OF THE SAVIOR (Continued)

The Good Samaritan—Luke 10:30-35.

"And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

"And he went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

Comment.

The Occasion:—This parable was spoken in answer to a question by a person who was present at a meeting more as a spy than an investigator. He was a lawyer or one learned in the laws by which the Jews were governed; i. e., the Law of Moses. This man put the greatest question of life, "What shall I do to be saved?" The Master answered with a double question:

"What is written in the law? How readest thou then?"

The lawyer gave evidence of an intimate knowledge of the scriptures by quoting correctly the two great laws of eternal life. Laws that are eternal; laws that cannot be disregarded, on penalty of losing the way to heaven: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

The Savior pronounced the answer given by the lawyer as correct: "Thou hast answered right. This do, and thou shalt have eternal life." Not merely exist, but live. Live forever the life

of a lover of the Lord and of our fellowmen. Being at once and forever like Peter who said, "Lord, thou knowest I love thee," and like Abou Ben Adam who said, "Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

The lawyer no doubt was somewhat embarrassed by the thought of his neglect in keeping the second great law of eternal life, and sought for some way to escape the sting of his conscience. Or, possibly, he had no conscience in that particular and was expecting to puzzle the great Teacher. At all events he put the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Then came the beautiful story with its setting on the bandit-infested highway connecting Jerusalem and Jericho. On this road Jesus places a Jew who "fell among thieves." He is robbed, beaten, and left helpless. Then comes a priest, a Jew, an ecclesiastical official, a church brother to the victim. He sees the wounded man at a distance but does not trust himself to come too near to the unfortunate one. The priest seems to wish to avoid knowing who the sufferer is and to avoid also being known to him. Therefore, this priest passed on. Then from the same direction came a Levite, an heir to the Priesthood, who followed in the heartless way of the priest, leaving the "half dead" man to the mercy of a tropical sun on a desert highway. Now comes a Samaritan, one upon whom a Jew would spit, one of the "dogs" from Samaria, a man who would have no social dealings with a Jew. But here was a man in distress, helpless and suffering. The Samaritan did not ask himself who the sufferer was, it was enough to know that the waylaid traveler needed help, and this Samaritan put into operation the second great law which is like unto the first one. He pours oil into the wounds and wine into the mouth of the sufferer; places him in the saddle, takes him to a hotel and pays for his care until he should recover.

At the end of the story the Master asked the lawyer: "Which of these three was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" The answer came, "He that showed mercy on him."

A neighbor then, is one who shows mercy; one who will go further than paying debts; one who will treat a fellowman as he himself would like to be treated. And the other neighbor, the person needing help, is the one whose misfortune can be made a stairway to heaven or a pathway into the pit.

The effectiveness of this parable in teaching who one's neighbor is, and what it means to be a neighbor, is marvelous. Had he simply told them that one's neighbor is the person in need, and to be a neighbor means to do as you would be done by, they would have soon forgotten it. But they could not forget the good Samaritan. As the centuries have passed this character has remained as an illumination of Christian character. "The Good

Samaritan" means more and more to mankind as the ages roll by. The Good Samaritan has become too large for personal application. It reaches into community helpfulness, and now nations play the part of the Good Samaritan. When India is famine-stricken, food is given by other nations; not sold, but given. When Japan is broken by earthquakes, help is forthcoming from other nations.

The world is learning the lesson of the parable of the Good Samaritan. The heart of mercy is growing larger and her arm longer, her hand more gentle. Just as fast and no faster than we become Good Samaritans can we make heaven.

The Laborers in the Vineyard.—Matt. 20:1-16.

"For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an house-holder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.

"And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

"And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the marketplace,

"And he said unto them: Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, I will give you. And they went their way.

"Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

"And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?

"They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

"So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire beginning from the last unto the first.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

"But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received each man a penny.

"And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house,

"Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

"But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

"Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?

"So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many are called but few chosen."

Comment.

The occasion of this parable was evidently as explanation of what Jesus had said in answer to Peter's question recorded in the preceding chapter, verse twenty-seven. It seems that the statement concerning the first being last and the last being first was a mystery to the disciples. The paying of the last employees before the first might seem unjust but when we consider what the employer said to the unemployed at the eleventh hour, and the answer they gave to his question, it is clear that they would gladly have been at work all day. Their desire to work, was justification for paying them full wages, and their confidence in the employer as to the pay was something more than the early morning employees had manifested. The eleventh hour men did their best and trusted fully, while the first hour men wanted more than they bargained for. The husbandman was just to all, and merciful to those who were unfortunate in having to suffer enforced idleness—a calamity in any case. One of the greatest curses of the race is thinking of work as a curse.

No work, no worlds to people; no work, no people to become like God. Before it was said, "It is not good for man to be alone," the Lord had given man employment—a bigger job than man could do alone, and in thus furnishing man with work it was declared that it is not good for man to be without work.

In the parable the work-lovers were paid first and work-haters paid last. The lesson is taught that one hour of loving, trusting, faithful service is worth many hours of disliked, suspicious, time-serving work. How often it is seen that a new convert with spiritual fervor will get more spiritual growth in a year than others have attained in decades. And growth is the best of all compensations for labor.

The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25:1-3.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

"And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:

"But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

"Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

"And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

"But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

"Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

"But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

The Setting of the Story.

"The details of the parable before us, borrowed from a ceremony with which the Savior must have been familiar, will acquire a reality for us, if we can call to mind descriptions which have been given us by persons who have witnessed such ceremonies. The time is after the marriage has been concluded, and when the bridegroom, accompanied by his bride, is returning to his own house. It is at night, and the wedding-trains go forth; the bridegroom is surrounded by his kinsfolk and friends, while the bride is attended by her maidens, conducting her with pomp and ceremony. The gleam of the torches is seen and the ringing of merry shouts and laughter, the music of instruments, and the sound of nuptial melodies, fills the air. They come near the bridegroom's home, at the midnight hour, and then the loud shout goes up to heaven; there is a cry made, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' Then all the village folk arise, and go to meet him; and they that are ready go in with him to the feast, and the door is shut. A scene like this the Savior had often witnessed."

Comment.

This parable was given as a part of an extended discourse on final rewards. Jesus had retired to the Mount of Olives and his disciples had sought him for information concerning the time of judgment—when this reckoning should come? And especially as to when he should come in glory. As to the last inquiry he declared that no man, nor the angels, could give the answer. (Matt. 24:36.) As to the hour of judgment, the moment of compensation, he indicates that the all important thing is not the time of the event but the preparation for it.

Those, the unwise, the "put-offs," sought first to borrow oil. Borrowing is a habit of the indolent, they were told by the wise to go and buy, but time for effective purchase had passed. The

wedding procession marched on, entered the feast, and the doors were closed. The order of heaven forbids holding open doors of exaltation to delinquents. The bridegroom is Christ, the bride is his Church, and to be with them means something more than salvation, it means exaltation. The oil of the spiritual wedding lamps is the Spirit of the Lord within us, purity, prayer and painstaking service, is the price paid for this oil.

And once again the Savior emphasizes the importance of keeping ready for the inevitable day of reckoning. Each virgin had a lamp. In this respect they were all equal and free to keep or not keep their lamps filled. This represents the possibility of everyone being saved in the kingdom of heaven. They all slept awaiting the call to meet the bridegroom, who would lead them into the wedding feast. They all awoke, some to the disappointment of unpreparedness, and some to a joyous consciousness of being ready.

So will it be at the end of our earthly life. So is it as we go through life, if we have oil in our lamps we can light them when the call comes. To accept responsibility, to toil on when others grow tired, to have hope when others despair, to be comforted when others remain disconsolate, to know God and his Son Jesus Christ when others cry out, "There is no God and Jesus is *but a man.*"

Be it remembered that the Bridegroom of the kingdom of heaven is Jesus the Christ, and the bride is his Church.

Questions and Problems

1. What was the occasion for the giving of the parable known as "The Good Samaritan?"
2. Quote the answer that the lawyer gave to the first question asked by the Savior on that occasion.
3. In the colloquy between Jesus and the lawyer what evidence is there that Jesus was a careful student of the scriptures?
4. What is the great lesson taught by the parable of "The Good Samaritan?"
5. Show how the good Samaritan character has spread from persons to nations.
6. Discuss this proposition: Eternal life cannot be inherited without Good Samaritan conduct.
7. Who is your neighbor and when are you a neighbor?
8. Correlate one of the Prophet Joseph Smith's favorite hymns. "A poor wayfaring man of grief," with the parable of "The Good Samaritan."
9. Compare the jealous greediness of the first-hour employees with the grateful appreciation of the eleventh-hour workers.

10. What just accusation is made by the final question in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard?

11. Where was the parable of the ten virgins spoken?

12. What was the chief purpose of giving the parable of the ten virgins?

13. Discuss what great life lesson is to be learned from the parable of the ten virgins: A little preparation is better than much reparation.

14. Discuss the statement: The oil in our lamp of life is the Spirit of the Lord?

LESSON II

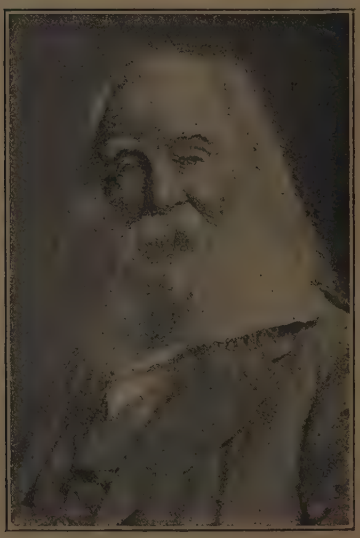
(Second Week in January)

Work and Business

LESSON III

(Third Week in January)

Literature



WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman presents a new problem in American literature. His poetry is very far removed from that of Edgar Allen Poe. He himself speaks of it as a "barbaric yapp," which

is his own confession that his verse is very different to anything that people were in the habit of calling poetic verse.

He was at first very unpopular as a poet. He came before the American public handicapped in two ways. In the first place, he gave to the world an entirely new type of poetry and scheme of verse that did not in any sense please the people who had learned to read the poems of Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. His other handicap came from the fact that socially he descended from a group of people who did not especially represent the cultured class, so that readers were very suspicious of his art productions.

Katherine Lee Bates, in an effort to describe his verse, says: "In 1855, there broke upon the world a sound that impressed most hearers as a bestial bellow. Heretofore America's poets had been Harvard professors, Concord sages, graceful southerners, polished Philadelphians and New Yorkers, who had written like pure-hearted, cultivated gentlemen, and this new poet who has been described as an "Apollo in shirt sleeves' did not impress the American public at all favorably." An official attempt was even made to suppress *Leaves of Grass* as indecent, but Walt Whitman was not to be suppressed.

Walt Whitman was born in Long Island of farmer ancestry. A man of meagre schooling, he had knocked about the world in a free and easy way; roaming through the West and South, exploring great cities, and trying a variety of occupations such as teaching, gardening, printing, carpentry, journalism, which all ended in his finally making up his mind to be a poet. He says, "I, now thirty-seven years old, in perfect health, began, hoping to cease not until death."

Walt Whitman served during the Civil War as a war nurse. So strenuous was the activity required of him during this very abnormal period that for twenty years he lived a paralytic. He had his heart's desire, for, while he was forced to the life of an invalid and to all the inconvenience of one who is paralyzed, yet, during these twenty years, he was able to write poetry.

The following story will indicate how the New England group of poets regarded Walt Whitman socially. During the Civil War he had served a resident of the State of Massachusetts in a most extraordinary way. This man, hoping to repay Whitman in small measure for the great benefit bestowed upon him, invited him to come to Boston and Concord. When Whitman was able to accept the invitation he wrote to his friend, Mr. S., telling him he would be very glad to make a visit to those cities. Mr. S., went to Concord and told the literary people there of Mr. Whitman's intended visit. The Emersons made some excuse, Thoreau said it would not be convenient to receive him because his sister was indisposed, and the Alcotts behaved in much the

same fashion. Concord was not mentioned by Mr. S. to his guest, because he understood perfectly that the literary people of his state did not wish to receive the poet.

With all the difficulties and discouragement Whitman encountered, he finally attracted the notice of the critics, who discovered that he had very unusual power. Again he wrote his friend, Mr. S., that he would come to Boston for a visit. The friend had this information published in the newspaper. The poets of Concord saw the item and very promptly took steps to extend to him a most cordial greeting. Miss Alcott wrote asking for the pleasure of Mr. Whitman's company at an afternoon tea, the Emersons opened their home for a reception; every courtesy that literary Concord had to offer was extended to him.

Although his poetry finally gained favor with certain critics of poetry in Europe and America, there was not that in his writing to make him popular with the American public. He selected very unusual subjects and wrote about these unusual subjects in a very unusual way.

Walt Whitman has been called the most democratic of all our poets. He realized that we were facing a new civilization, a civilization where the products of science would be of immense importance. Poets had written about chariots and barouches, but most people would have said that a locomotive was not a fit theme for the poet's pen; nevertheless, Whitman recognized in it a symbol of power, and he has given us a poem full of suggestiveness—one of the best poems that has grown from this life of ours, propelled by steam, gasoline, and electricity. We include a few lines from the poem, "To a Locomotive in Winter:"

"Thy black cylindric body, golden brass, and silvery steel;
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods gyrating
Shuttling at thy sides.

"Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple;
The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smokestacks;
Thy knitted frame—thy springs and valves—the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels.

"Type of the modern!—emblem of motion and power!—pulse of the continent!
For once, come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind, and falling snow;
By day, thy warning, ringing bell to sound its notes,
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing."

Walt Whitman revered above all else in this world the man. What he has to say about a great city is a classic. In his "Song of the Broad Axe," we read:

"The great city is that which has the greatest men and women;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world."

And farther on he says a great city is the place,

"Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,
Where speculations on the Soul are encouraged,
Where women walk in public procession in the streets the same as the men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as men,
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands;
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands;
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands—
There the great city stands."

Walt Whitman is ahead of his time in appreciating the clean, healthy body. These lines will show how thoroughly modern were his ideas in relation to the body:

"There is something in staying close to men and women, and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well.

"A Man's body at auction;
(For before the war I often go to the slave-mart and watch the sale).

"Gentlemen look on this wonder!
Whatever the bids of the bidders, they cannot be high enough for it.

"In this head the all-baffling brain,
In and below it the makings of heroes.

Examine these limbs, red, black, or white, they are cunning in tendon and nerve,

"Exquisite senses life-lit eyes, pluck, volition,
Flakes of breast-muscle, pliant backbone and neck, flesh not flabby, good-sized arms and legs,
And wonders within there yet.

"If anything is sacred the human body is sacred,
And the glory and sweet of a man is the token of manhood untainted,
And in man or woman a clean, strong, firm-fibred body, is beautiful as the most beautiful face."

Walt Whitman has written what is perhaps the best poem on Abraham Lincoln, "O Captain! My Captain!"

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Which sort of poetry do you prefer, the kind that emphasizes matter, or the kind which emphasizes the manner in which the matter is presented?

2. Discuss this proposition: The poets of America would be behind the times if their poetry was not representative of our present-day civilization.

3. What event in Lincoln's life inspired the beautiful poem, "O Captain! My Captain!"?

4. In what sense might Walt Whitman be considered a war hero?

5. Discuss Walt Whitman's statement:

"A great city is that which has the greatest men and women;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world."

6. Do you think that the poetry written by poets today resembles the writing of Walt Whitman? If you think that any considerable group of poets are copying his style, then, despite the fact that his form was very unpopular in the beginning, has he not won out?

LESSON IV

(Fourth Week in January)

Social Service

PLANNING A FAMILY BUDGET

A family's economic security is dependent not only on the nature and the amount of the income, but also on the manner in which the income is expended. Some parents rear a large, healthy, well-educated family on an income which is "next to nothing." On the other hand, there are persons, with fairly moderate incomes, who are always in debt, and who suffer much mental distress and perhaps actual privation because of their unsound financial status. The management of the family earnings is as important as supplying the income, in maintaining satis-

factory living conditions and in achieving desirable economic security.

The management of the income is usually the responsibility of the mother. A general family agreement, however, usually determines some of the more important decisions, such as the choice of house or neighborhood, or the length of the educational period of the children. But planning the expenditures, according to the family standard, is the task of the home maker. Her efficiency in planning a budget, in weighing the various needs, and in making the frequent decisions when conflicts arise between individual desires and the family resources, are all important in maintaining a successful home. Her failure to disburse the family funds wisely often leads to general discouragement, discontent, and family instability.

The first factor in planning the expenditures of an income is its distribution. There are certain physical essentials of living that must be provided—shelter, fuel, food, clothing, and certain incidentals that may be designated "higher life." On a small income, a large proportion will be needed for the first four items. Any budget, of course, varies in different neighborhoods and communities, and varies in individual families according to the ages, the degree of health, and the educational standards of the members. In a budget for a minimum income, however, there are not great variances. For an average family, with a limited income, the rent will be about twenty percent, the food forty per cent, clothing twenty per cent, fuel ten per cent, leaving the other ten percent for higher life—church contribution, education, and recreation. As the income increases, the amount devoted to travel, recreation, education, etc., makes the last item a larger part of the budget.

If a family with a small income is spending too great a proportion for rent, or for clothing, or for food, it is obvious that the corrective measures must be applied to the part of the budget.

After a proper rental (or taxes and upkeep) has been determined, the items of clothing and food should be studied. A woman who is skillful with the needle can do much to keep the clothing allowance within reason, while one who has not learned the lesson of taking a stitch in time, and who depends on the shops and the seamstress for all the household linen and family apparel, will find her expenditures all out of proportion. Some determination, and some lessons in needlecraft, may be the means of making the income cover the family needs.

A knowledge of comparative food values, of balanced diets, and of the preparation of nutritive dishes are essential to every housewife. Not only is an understanding of dietetics a factor in budget control, but it is also essential to the healthy development

of the members of the family. The habits of depending on "package goods" and canned foods is undesirable from both a dietary and financial viewpoint. Often, too, when a family's diet is restricted to heavy, solid foods, lacking an adequate amount of milk, fats, and vegetables, the children as a result suffer serious physical ailments. A malnourished child, who is listless and catches cold easily and who is not keeping up with his grade at school, is not necessarily suffering from the lack of food. More than likely the difficulty is that he eats too much—literally "all the time"—rather than at regular intervals. Or it may be that his diet lacks some essential element, or that the foods given him are poorly combined.

If appealed to on the grounds of the children's health, a mother, who is convinced that her ideas of menus and cooking are satisfactory, can often be persuaded to introduce more nutritious dishes into the family diet. By a few home demonstrations, by the circulation of pamphlets, or by neighborhood classes, much important dietary information can be disseminated to the good of many families.

Reference: *Household Management*, Florence Nesbitt—or any available text book on budgets and dietetics.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Why is it necessary to proportion an income?
2. Name some ways that a clothing allowance can be reduced.
3. Discuss some practical ways of reducing a food budget.
4. What are some of the results of a poor diet?
5. Plan a minimum budget for a family of six, in your community? For a person living alone?

Teachers' Topic for January

HEALTH IN THE HOME

Note: We feel that nothing could be more vital for teachers' topic, during 1925, than little chats on the general health of the community.

QUARANTINE LAW

A. Duty of every mother to protect other children as well as her own.

B. The justice of the law should be developed in every Latter-day Saint woman's heart.

C. The health of the community should be safe-guarded by every individual.

D. It should not be necessary to have ordinances enforcing this law; but, as we have them, let us see that they are obeyed.

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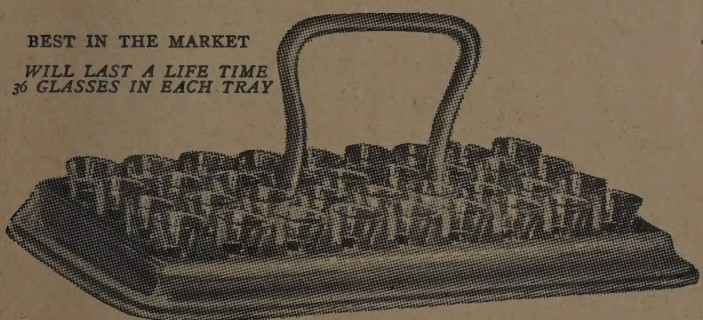

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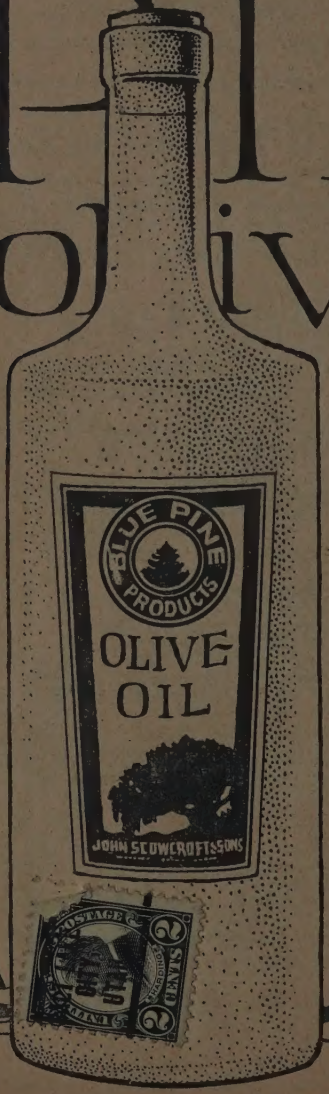

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